

## The Purpose of a Relationship and More

by BrunetteAngel12

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Summary: This is a Clace song fic, based off Justin Bieber's album, Purpose. Each chapter is a separate one-shot relating to the next song on the track list. You don't have to like Justin's music to read it, each chapter is just based off a song. It's a series of dabbles about relationships, drama, love, heartbreak and the different experiences couples can go through. {AH AU OOC CLACE}

## The Purpose of a Relationship and More

\_Hey there readers, I was listening to Justin Bieber's album and got inspired to right a series of one-shots. There is a lot about relationships on there and I had an idea to write some about it. So I did. And I love him, he's one of my favourite artists. \_

\_I would advise you to listen to the song "Mark My Words" by him, I love the song and the vibe it gives off. It also helps that the chapter is slightly based off of it...\_

\_I hope you like this :) \_

**\*\*Disclaimer:** All characters belong to Cassandra Clare, I own nothing but the plot. **\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><em>(1.8K words)<em>

Gone.

Jace was so hurt once Clary had gone away. She had left him, she wasn't supposed to do that.

And he wasn't going to stand for it.

They had met a few months before, when she had walked into him on the street. He hadn't thought much of it, just that a cute girl had walked head-first into his abs and walked off.

Then they had met again at the restaurant, where Clary had served him. He didn't recognise her at first, but when a lock of bright red hair fell out of her ponytail, framing her face the exact same way he had first seen her, he remembered.

She had stuttered throughout asking Jace for his order, blushing profusely. He hadn't even glanced at the menu, just ordered something including a hot red chili, with extra spice. He knew that she understood the hidden meaning of his order, after all he was a good flirt with the ladies. Then she walked away, shyly telling him that she'd be right back with his order.

He had grinned to himself, the reaction she had was priceless.

Jace hadn't thought of his plan well through because when he got his mealâ€|damn, it was spicy. He liked spice, but not that hot. He was sweating all over, cheeks rosy and drinking glass after glass of water, trying and failing to soothe his burning tastebuds.

It was just his luck that he had to make a fool of himself in front of a pretty girl because of his stupid pickup line.

As the night had drawn to a close, it seemed as if Clary, who had felt bad for Jace, decided to give him a free meal. The whole restaurant had watched him eat the curry, which had later turned out to be the hottest in the city. Even the chef had watched him flunk his attempt at flirting with her. Great boost to his ego.

Jace finally persuaded Clary into going on a date with him, after coming to the restaurant for the fifth time and pestering her with every little thing. It was clear that he was annoying her, but he enjoyed her reactions to them, she was very cute.

\* \* \*

><p>One date had led to another until they were officially a couple. He had never felt this way before, this longing for someone, this need for her.<p>

Every time she smiled, he smiled back. Every time she was happy, he was happy.

It wasn't until his mother asked him about how he felt for her, did he realise that he was in love with Clary. She was his everything; his love, his soul, his heart and his mind. And he never wanted her to leave.

He soon professed his love for her, she said the same thing back. They were perfectly content with each other.

It was as if they were on a cloud, floating around in the bright blue sky. That was until the storm came.

\* \* \*

><p>They started fighting a few weeks into the relationship. She said

that he was ignoring her, Jace denying it saying that he was busy with work. That was partly true, being a lawyer did take up his time, but he had been meeting up with an ex-girlfriend secretly and thought that she would be upset with that. He and Kaelie were just friends, Jace was just helping her get back on track since her ex-boyfriend Sebastian, who was coincidentally her boss, had fired her from her job and Jace was helping her out since he had connections.<p>

Jace just didn't want to tell Clary, knowing that she'd make a big deal out of it. So he didn't.

But Clary found out, Jace didn't know how, and she had refused to talk to see him for a week. The only way to describe that week was hell.

He had been a mess those seven days, refusing to shower or brush his golden locks, living off pizza and garlic bread and locking himself in his apartment. Jace had spent his days moping over Clary and the mistake he'd made, hoping and praying that she'd answer one of his calls or texts.

When she finally came around, Jace had apologised continuously into the speaker of his cell phone, promising he'd never keep anything from her again and that he loved her. She accepted his apology and said that she'd come over later.

He had spent hours cleaning the house, showering and making himself look better. All he wanted to do was impress Clary and make her happy. He needed her, and she needed him.

They had talked it out in a professional manner, and followed it by a series of love making on his bed. Everything was fine, everything would be okay for them.

\* \* \*

><p>Their next argument was when Clary told Jace that she couldn't come to their date because she was seeing Simon, her childhood best friend. He got immediately jealous, and questioned Clary about him afterwards. She dodged all his questions and said he was overreacting, they were just friends.<p>

He had spent two days after that, asking her about Simon and everything they had said and done together. It was one the third day he cracked, he yelled at her for lying to him when he saw them drinking coffee together. He claimed she was a cheater, that this was the same thing that he had done to Clary and called her a bitch.

Jace knew he was wrong, and had no right calling her that. He loved her so much, he wanted to know everything about her and be alongside her every minute of the day. It wasn't that he didn't trust Clary, he just didn't trust Simon.

She had stormed out of his apartment and ran down the stairs, Jace trailing after her. He finally caught up to her and grabbed a hold of her wrist, stopping her from moving. He told her he shouldn't have said that, that he needed her, that she couldn't leave him. He pleaded with her, shaking her shoulders to try and get her to understand and go back to the apartment with him.

It didn't even cross his mind as a lawyer, that what he was doing was classified as assault. And when he finally did, it was too late because Clary had hopped into her car and with one last frightened and tearful glance at Jace, drove away.

He waited for her to come back to him, into his arms. Jace was holding onto the feeling that she would come back, and that she just needed some time to cool off. She always came back.

But, in the next two hours that he waited, she never did. And he was a wreck.

\* \* \*

><p>Tears were streaming down Jace's face as he rushed down the stairs to his vehicle. He was going after her, she was his and he loved her. He needed her. He couldn't live without her.<p>

After searching for a couple of hours, he finally found her sitting by the lake where they had first said that they loved each other. He stopped and stared for a moment, admiring her unmistakable beauty and then got out of the car.

Clary turned around, and when she saw who it was, she made an effort to stand up. But Jace rushed to her side and softly guided her back down to return to her cross-legged position. She was weak in his arms, in no way physically strong enough to push him away. He was so relieved that he had found her but disgusted with his actions.

No man should ever lay a hand on a woman, never. Jace had always believed in that statement, and he had broken it.

They sat in silence for a while, no-one bothering to speak up. Then Jace asked her if she could forgive him. She shook her head.

He felt as if his heart had shattered into pieces, like shards of glass. He had done this, he had made her feel this way. The feeling that he had in that moment of time- a mixture of disgust, horror, guilt, remorse and broken- was the worst he had ever felt before.

Clary said she understood why he did what he did, and that she didn't hate him. She didn't entirely hate him, but there was some dislike and anger there. Jace totally agreed, and was so glad that she didn't intend to cut him out of her life completely.

He pleaded that they'd been through a lot, there were so much history between them. She agreed, saying that maybe they should just be acquaintances. That was the worst word Jace had ever heard in his life, and struggled to persuade her into being friends.

He was so grateful for her, that she was understanding and agreed to be friends with him. It meant she acknowledged what they had, and maybe, just one day, they could be more again.

But that was a lot to ask for, and Jace was willing to just be friends. He couldn't even believe they were friends, and would do anything for her to like him again. Being in a relationship with Jace wouldn't make her happy, maybe a little heartbroken, but it wasn't

right for them.

They had to stick to being friends, and for once Jace didn't argue.

Because he could never lose her, not after all they've been through, mark his words.

And he didn't.

\* \* \*

><p><em>So, what do you all think? :) Leave a review, a follow or a favourite...whatever. <em>

\_I'm probably going to be updating this every other week, like my other story *Sweaty Palms*. If you haven't read that, please check it out :) \_

\_Please tell me what you thought, I love hearing from all of you. Just a review or a follow, that' s all I'm asking for.

\_

\_BrunetteAngel12 \_

End  
file.